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VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1917

No. 2

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# THE SPIRIT

VOL. 6

JANUARY, 1917

NO. 2

75c a year

15c a single copy

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### EDITORIAL

Undoubtedly, everyone who read the first issue, formed his opinion of the new Spirit, favorably or otherwise. Of course, we hope that it met with the approval of everyone although we do not doubt that there were many criticisms. We assure our readers, however, that we will endeavor to improve each of the following issues and will not be satisfied until the Spirit meets the approval of everyone. The co-operation of the whole student body is needed in order to do this, and every-

## LITERARY

Oh sleepy days,  
O blue gray haze,  
O Indian Summer rare,  
You make me dream,  
You make it seem,  
Like olden days again.

O rustling corn,  
O quiet morn  
O Autumn's perfect day,  
You bring to me  
The wish to be  
A happy child again.

O golden rod,  
Don't droop and nod,  
O stand up straight and tall.  
You bring me woe,  
You make me know,  
That I am stooping, too.

—Ina Reins, '17.

### WHEN BOBBY WENT TO COUNTRY SCHOOL

Mrs. Laynard was ordered south one winter for her health and Mr. Laynard insisted that Bobby should not go with them. Instead, he was to stay with his grandparents in the country and go to a country school.

So that is how it happened that one fine September day, Bobby started off to school with a little red-haired, freckled-faced boy. Grandmother had wished to go with Bobby his first day, but Grandfather insisted that Bobby was no girl and that he should brave it alone, except for his little companion, Ted.

When Bobby and Ted arrived at school, the little girls stared and the little boys snickered, for they had never before had in their midst a boy with yellow curls, a white linen suit and patent leather slippers. Bobby immediately got into trouble. The boys pulled his curls and called him "girly".

"I'm not a girly," cried Bobby, "so there". He finished his declaration with a blow on the eye of a recent offender, which was as forceful as it was unexpected.

"Well, then, what on earth do you wear curls and girl's shoes for?" sullenly demanded the teaser, when the ringing of the school-bell cut off further trouble.

That evening on the way home, Ted spoke upon a subject which worried him greatly. "Say, Bobby, don't you suppose you could get some decent clothes?"

"Decent clothes," queried Bobby, "why, what do you mean?"

"Well, you know, somethin' sort o' like these here ones o' mine. The kids will call you sissy so long as you wear them city duds."

"Why, I suppose I can have some like those," replied Bobby. "I'll ask as soon as I get home."

But Bobby was doomed to disappointment. He could not have the required clothes. His mother had said that he must be dressed as he always had been, even in the country. He told this to Ted the next morning, when he met him at the cross-roads.

"Well," said Ted after thinking hard for a few moments, "it would do some good, if you would take off them shoes and stockings. You can hide 'em in those bushes and get 'em on your way home".

Off came Bobby's shoes and stockings and he cheerfully paddled bare-foot through the dust, along the way to school. But Bobby was as much ridiculed this day as the one before nor did matters mend as the days went by.

At last the day for the spelling contest approached. Each scholar took part in this and the pupil, who should win, would receive a prize of five dollars.

One noon Bobby questioned Ted, "Do you suppose, if I won in that contest, that the kids would quit calling me girly?"

"If you can win without those curls and white gowns they would," was the answer.

Bobby was thoughtful the rest of the afternoon and that evening and on the following evenings before the contest Bobby took his speller home. Grandmother wondered at his diligence, but said nothing.

A couple of days before the contest Bobby accosted Ted. "Have you got any more clothes like those you have on?"

"Umhum," replied Ted.

"Well, will you bring them to school tomorrow?"

"Sure. Why?" Ted was curious but the only answer he could get was, "I'll tell you when I get the clothes."

The next morning Ted brought the clothes and Bobby, after stuffing the bundle in the back of his desk, confided in him.

"Gee!" remarked Ted. "Gee, that will be great!"

The next was the day for the contest and Bobby, immaculately dressed, started off to school. His grandmother was coming that afternoon to the spelling match. Everyone would go to it for it was quite an event among those country people.

After the morning session, Ted and Bobby disappeared with their lunch and a queer bundle into the woods back of the schoolhouse. When they returned the line for the spell-down was being formed.

Grandmother did not arrive till late and when she did, there were only five spellers left. She looked around for Bobby, but from her location, she could see but few of the children in the seats, so she settled herself to listen.

Finally only two spellers remained standing. They were both bare-foot, seemingly two typical country lads. One was exceedingly dirty and his hair was noticeably home cut.

The spelling went on. The book was finished and started over again. Neither boy made a slip. The school-master was becoming desperate for a word to finish the contest, when, on glancing out the window, he saw a chicken pecking away.

Turning back, "Wyandotte," he fired.

"W-y-n-d-o-t-t-e," spelled one boy.

"Wrong, next," said the master. "Wyandotte."

"W-y-a-n-d-o-t-t-e," spelled the very dirty boy.

"Correct."

The contest was over. The buzz of voices in the room was quickly stopped when the judge stepped forward.

"I have the pleasure," began the judge with a pompous air, "of presenting the winner this five dollar gold piece which I hold. If Master Bobby Laynard will please come forward, I will be pleased to present it to him. Bobby Laynard."

Grandmother stared, then gasped. That grinning, dirty faced boy on the platform could not be her Bobby. Where were his curls, his white suit and pretty slippers? But it was Bobby and a very happy Bobby, at that.

That evening when Grandfather questioned him on knowing such an unusual word he replied, "Why, Grandpa, you just got a whole case of eggs from the city and Wyandotte was printed in black letters on the case."

Bobby did, as he once remarked in later years, "kill two birds with one stone". To be sure he had to let his curls grow out, but he gained the friendship of the country children and also a reform in dress, for bare-foot sandals and overalls took the place of patent leather slippers and white suits.

—Edith Wallis, '18.

#### HOW JANE DUG FISH WORMS

Johnnie was going fishing! He could hardly wait until his playmate, Jimmie, came after him.

He was busily digging the fat, wiggly worms, and had nearly a tin-can full, when he felt a tug at his elbow. His little sister

Jane stood there and asked to go a-fishing! Of all things! Who wanted to have a girl tagging along!

"You may go if you dig the rest of these worms for me," he said, with an inward chuckle.

Jane obediently raised the fork, and jabbed it into the ground with all her small strength. Then she jumped with her stomach on the handle and brought the fork suddenly to the ground, so suddenly that little Jane went with it.

Arising and looking at the clump of dirt, brought up with the fork, she saw a big, fat juicy worm. She touched it with her fingers. It wiggled! Horrors! That awful little snake! Taking two sticks she managed to drag it over the ground to the can. Ugh! What was she to do now? Reaching down, and shutting her eyes, her heart fluttering like a hurt bird, she picked the wiggly thing up. How the shivers ran up her spine, as the cold, clammy body came in contact with her hand! Horrors, it wiggled! Open went the eyes, and down went the worm. Her heart almost stopped beating.

"Baby!" mocked the brother.

Frightened, angered, her cheeks flushed red, she marched to the house disgusted with all boys, calling them brutes and worse than worms!

—Ida Thomas, '20.

#### WAR

When the rolling waves are tipped with white, and the blustering cold winds blow;

When the far off coasts are covered with sand, like heaps of driven snow;

When the heroes of the battleships are striving to win their pride,

And the mighty little torpedo boats are lying side by side.

When all is still but the engines' purr as they whisper back and forth;

When the silence is partly broken by a signal from the north; When far off at a distance one can see a ship afloat;

Then the piercing scream of a shrapnel shot comes hailing toward our boat.

Then the armored decks are alive with life, and the calls to arms below.

Then the brave crews stand beside their guns and the firemen sweat below.

Then the engines moan and call for help, as the firemen shovel coal,

And the captain longs to see the day when he shall reach his goal.

The fleet steams up in battle form, and the broadsides clash  
and road,  
While the deadly blows from the enemy's guns are increasing more and more.  
Now the ships are burdened with wounded and dead, and the decks are covered with blood,  
While the smoke from the guns is growing thick, and the decks resemble a flood.

At last a flag of truce is seen, agleam through the drifting smoke,  
And the wreck of an enemy's battleship, where a deadly torpedo broke.  
At last all guns are still again and now from far and near,  
Are heard the shouts of a victor crew, as they answer cheer with cheer.

—Carnie Dunkle.

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"The years like great black oxen tread the world,  
And God, the herdsman goads them on behind,  
And I am broken by their passing feet."

These few lines, which are taken from a drama by Yeats, the famous Irish Playwright, are very significant, not only in their beauty of form but also in their beauty of meaning. Often, in reading a few lines of poetry, similar to these, we like them merely for their pleasing sound, but if we go deeper and pick out the hidden meaning, it is that which more often appeals to us.

This poem has a universality of appeal which is one of the tests of true literature. The thought, if translated into any other language, would appeal equally to all nations, for in every country, we see sorrow caused by the relentlessly passing years. In these lines, every little word has its own significant meaning, being both suggestive and artistic. The figure of speech, in which the years are compared to great black oxen is very appropriate and the choice of words in carrying out this figure is excellent. In thinking of open, we think of their great foot prints and the devastation caused by their passing feet. The color of the oxen is especially significant, for the years are dark and black, and often leave much tragedy and grief behind them. The reference to God as the herdsman, goading both the years and oxen on its very suitable and shows a slight religious touch in the personality of the author. Then, in the third line, the word "passing" is both appropriate and significant, for a herd of oxen would pass on regardless of that which they were crushing and the same relentlessness is suggested in Time's herding the years on. The word "broken"

does not necessarily mean that the author is suffering from some great grief or sorrow, but it rather conveys the idea that he is overwhelmed by the tragedy of the passing years.

The words and verses are melodious, rhythmic and full of meaning, which constitutes the charm of any poem. The form is also significant and is very suitable to the subject. If the subject matter had been something of a more gay and frivolous nature, we should expect to find it expressed in a light, rollicking verse instead of the more somber verse and the long lines, which impart to the reader a more serious idea.

Many authors have tried to write on such theme, but very few have been able to express it so well and in so short a space. The poem tells of the effect on the individual of the eventful passing years which leave so much sorrow in their wake.

In summarizing, what has already been said, we find that although a good deal of the charm of this poem lies in its beauty of expression and the fine choice of words, the real appeal is in the thought brought out, which is hidden and has to be sought for.

—Ione Rice, '17.

#### ELFLAND

Let's visit elfland for a while,  
To see the fairies dance and smile.  
You'll find them under every leaf,  
Around each tree and near each sheaf.

They love the tinkling of the bells  
Made by the brook, as through the dells  
It ripples over rocks and stones  
And makes those lovely bell-like tones.

See that tiny one by the brook  
Reaching for the feather the redbird shook  
From his breast, this very morn,  
While taking his bath in the sunshine warm.

At night the fairy makes her bed  
Of the spider's gauzy web.  
Spreads it o'er the dewy grass  
Where the fewest crickets pass.

—Lena Nelson.

#### HOW TOMMY "MADE GOOD"

Thanksgiving was very, very near, in fact only a week distant. The very minutes seemed to be tumbling one over the

other to hasten the arrival of that great yet dreaded day. Glenwood High School, and particularly the football enthusiasts, had no thought for the turkey and the cranberry sauce and the pumpkin pies that appear before so many of our minds at the mere suggestion of the word, "Thanksgiving". Instead, Thanksgiving meant to them the day upon which their eleven, crippled but honorable representatives, would buck up against the strongest and fastest football team of the state, that of Mt. Haven High.

Mt. Haven's team had never been in better condition, and although Glenwood was expected to put up a big fight it seemed almost impossible for a team whose captain had a broken collar bone and who were crippled in many other ways, to have any chance of holding their opponents. Yet, not one Glenwood student expressed a single thought of losing this annual game and if they were in the least discouraged, the team never showed it.

When Coach Granger began playing Tommy Palmer on the first team, it was considered rather a joke and many felt that he was sacrificing the rest of the team for the sake of helping Tommy. But then Coach Granger certainly knew his business and perhaps Tommy's fellow students criticized his ability as a football player just a little severely, for he was so small he did seem very young.

A great many people were looking forward to this game and it was expected that, although Glenwood had a good line, Harper, the fullback would do all the offensive work for his team. What was the consternation of the student body to find, the day before the game, heading the ineligibility list, the name Raymond Harper. Victory now seemed almost impossible but, nevertheless, every player on the team was planning on going into the game with a vim that would at least hold Mt. Haven.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and clear. Long before the game began, the bleachers were crowded and the spectators were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the two teams. At last amid cheers they came onto the field. Every Glenwood student craned his neck to see the line-up. As they had expected, Saunders was playing fullback. But who was in at quarter? Every Glenwood student strained his eyes. He thought he had not seen aright. But, yes indeed, there was only one person that could be. Tommy Palmer was playing quarterback. Granger must have gone crazy to put a little kid like that in to lead the team, and perhaps he did regret it a little, for he paced nervously up and down the sidelines.

The teams took their places, the whistle blew and Glenwood kicked off. Mt. Haven gained steadily by line plunging and particularly by end runs, for Mt. Haven's quarterback was merely a streak of lightning when he once got started. They carried the ball to Glenwood's 20-yard line and then lost it

through a fumble. The Glenwood rooters held their breath to see what their team would do. But what did they do? Absolutely nothing. They tried to get thru the line but it was a veritable stone wall. Then Tommy sent the new fullback around the ends but he was slow and made no gains. At last they were forced to kick, which gave Mt. Haven the ball in the middle of the field.

Thus the game went on, but those in the grandstand noticed a change in the Glenwood players. Little Tommy was fairly filled with enthusiasm. This was his first big game for his school and he inspired his team with a strength and vim that held Mt. Haven better and better. They then resorted to end runs entirely. The half ended with the score 0 to 0 and Glenwood students went wild with delight. The third quarter was uneventful, both teams playing their best and accomplishing nothing but holding their opponents. But at the very first of the last quarter, Mt. Haven's quarterback dashed around the right end and racing half the length of the field, scored a touchdown. And Tommy Palmer had stood right in his path as if petrified and realized his mistake only when it was too late to stop him.

Mt. Haven failed to kick goal but to Glenwood that 6 looming up on the score board seemed as large as 50. Tommy Palmer felt himself in disgrace forever and he stubbornly vowed to right himself in the eyes of his fellow students.

It was Glenwoods ball and the time was nearly up. Tommy had given every fellow a chance with the ball but they had all failed. It was the last chance for Glenwood and it was the last chance for Tommy himself to make good. He called signals and the center passed the ball back to him. Then, with a few agile bounds, he was in the midst of the fray. Tackler after tackler flung himself at the small quarterback but grasped air only. Dodging one after the other, Tommy at last reached a clear field with the exception of Mt. Havens speedy quarterback. Straight for his opponent he ran and swerved not until the other began to spring. Then, with a leap, he was past him speeding on toward Mt. Haven's goal. But above the cheering of the grandstand he heard the footsteps behind him drawing closer and closer. It was a race for victory. Could Tommy outrun the fastest man on the Mt. Haven team? The goal posts were nearer and nearer, but so was the man behind him. Suddenly, to the consternation of the onlookers, the Mt. Haven man stooped, and then plunged at Tommy. But the agile boy swerved suddenly to one side and just as the Mt. Haven player arose from the ground, Tommy fell over the goal. Then, just before the whistle blew Glenwood kicked goal. The score stood 7 to 6 and Glenwood was victorious.

—Ruby Wasser, '17.



On the evening, December 29, Dorothy Harriman and Ione Rice entertained at the home of the latter in honor of their friend, Gilberte Luke, a former high school student who is now attending school at Ferry Hall. The evening was spent in playing "500" after which refreshments were served by the two hostesses.

Inez Cretsinger spent her vacation in Waterloo, visiting with friends who showed her a most delightful time.

Luella Smith and Marguerite Kirkham spent several days visiting in Des Moines during the holidays.

Beatrice Olson and Josephine Wilkinson spent a part of the Christmas vacation at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Carl Bachman, of State Center.

Ardella Pike visited for a week with friends in Marshalltown.

Lucile and Genevieve Lang enjoyed their holiday vacation in Omaha.

Beatrice Olson entertained several friends at a "watch" party New Year's eve. At midnight dainty refreshments were served.

During vacation Miss Ruth Prall gave a skating party to a number of her girl friends. After a delightful evening on the lake, dainty refreshments were served at her home.

Several coasting parties were given during vacation. Miss Eleanor Murray was the hostess at one. After coasting for several hours the guests went to her home where delicious refreshments were served.

#### ASSEMBLIES

For the last few weeks, the assemblies have been in the hands of the students. At one time, several of the Y. M. C. A. boys told us of their trip to Marshalltown, where the annual meeting was held.

On another day, the time was given over to a debating contest in which six students tried out for the school debating team. Out of the six contestants, a team of three, consisting of Helen Watson, Glen Bute and Barelay Noble, with Paul Potter as alternate, was chosen. All contestants spoke on the same subject, although some of them took the affirmative and others the negative side of the question. They handled their subject matter very well and we feel sure that this team, chosen to represent us, will win glory and honor for Ames High.

On this same day, Coach Thompson presented the honor football boys with their "A" sweaters. There were fifteen men who received their "A's" but only a few were called on to express their thanks before the whole school. These few, however, did so in a very creditable manner. Mr. Thompson also gave a short talk, in which he told of the good work of the boys and the spirit with which they had gone into football this year, which praise, added to the honor of receiving "A" sweaters, made the boys so proud, that the rest of us humble students scarcely dared to greet them for a few days.

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#### Y. M. C. A.

The "Hi Y" stands for what is best in manhood. It is for clean speech, clean habits, clean athletics, and honesty in class work. It is against all that is degrading to a boy's life and it wishes to help the A. H. S. boys in any way it can.

The "Hi Y" holds interesting and profitable meetings every Tuesday night and urgently invites all high school boys to come out and join in the devotional study which is so important, in rounding out our manhood.

Bernard Irwin, Paul Potter, Harlan Harper, Elmer Mathre, Claude Scarborough, Frank Coulter, Waldo McDowell, Eugene Watkins and Preston Niles represented Ames at the Iowa State Older Boys' Conference in Marshalltown and brought home with them some of the inspiring thoughts they received there from the splendid addresses.

The officers of the "Hi Y" cabinet are:

Bernard Irwin, President.

Preston Niles, Secretary.

Willis Belnap, Treasurer.

Paul Potter, Chairman of the Bible Committee.

Claude Scarborough, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

**DEBATES, DECLAMATORY CONTESTS AND EXTEMPOREANOUS SPEAKING**

The pupils of Ames High School have taken up several new things this year. The first and most important is debating, our school having joined the state league. A special assembly was given over to the try outs, and the following team was elected: Barclay Noble, Helen Watson, Glen Bute, and the alternate, Paul Potter. Their first debate will be with Carroll, January 26. Our team will debate every two weeks until defeated.

Another thing which has been taken up is declamatory work. Ames High School has also joined the State Declamatory League. The local contest will be held February 2 or 9, the winners in which contest will represent Ames at the sub-district conference held in Jefferson. It is hoped that a large number will try out and help to make this an interesting and successful feature of this year's work.

About March 30th another interesting feature will be introduced into the high school work in the form of extemporaneous speaking as the school has joined the State League in this also. A special assembly will be given over to the try out. Everyone should be personally interested and help to make it a success by entering this contest.

December 20th, the Senior class held a meeting. Josephine Wilkinson read the report of the committee on organization upon which the class decided to organize. The following officers were elected:

Wille Olson, President.

Douglas Waitley, Vice-President.

Floyd Lerdall, Secretary and Treasurer.

Miss Coskery and Miss Ada Sprague, Monitors.

**THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET**

The evening of December 15 will long be remembered by members of the 1916 football squad, for it was on this night that they were gloriously feasted by the local business men.

Shortly after six o'clock the order to "fall to" was given, and with a will, each and every one proceeded to make way with his share of fried chicken.

**MENU**

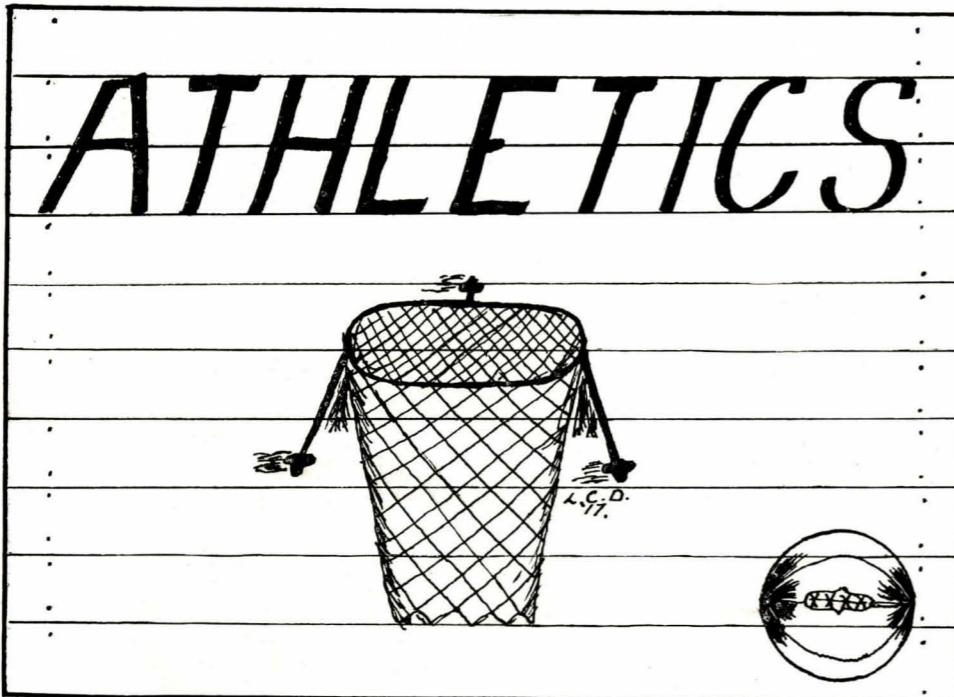
Fried Chicken	Mashed Potatoes
Gravy	
Navy Beans	Celery
Pickles	
Cheese	Salted Peanuts
Fruit Salad	
Bananas	Mints
Ice Cream and Cake	

Following the banquet, L. C. Tilden, president of the Board of Education, presided over an informal program of toasts in which Coach Mayser of the college and Coach Thompson were the principal speakers. Short speeches were also given by Captain Hoon, Elliott, Crosby, Terry, Grey and Soper.

The feature of the evening was the presenting of a beautiful silver cup to Coach Thompson by L. C. Tilden in behalf of the members of the football squad. The cup bears the inscription: "To Robert Thompson, from the 1916 Ames High School Football Squad".

The fact that ninety-eight business men contributed funds for the banquet, shows the interest which they take in the welfare and success of our athletic organizations.

Here's to the business men of our little city,  
May their lives be one grand success,  
And their joys and sorrows; their todays and tomorrows,  
Be with good fortune blest.



### BASKETBALL

Once again the basketball season is here and all roads lead to the gymnasium. The first series of the inter-class games have been played and won by the Juniors. The Seniors were second, Freshmen third and Sophomores fourth.

The games this year were more interesting and exciting than those of last because of the fact that the teams were more evenly matched. All the games were won by a small margin and none of the scores were very large when compared with those of last year.

The series brought to light some unknown basketball artists and, when first team practice begins, Coach Thompson will have an abundance of good material with which to build the 1917 basketball team.

#### Standing of First Team Games—First Series

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Juniors .....	3	0	1.000
Seniors .....	2	1	.666
Freshmen .....	1	2	.333
Sophomores .....	0	3	.000

#### Freshmen 11—Sophomores 2

The first year men started the series with a rush and trounced the Sophs. 11-2. This came as a complete surprise as the Sophs. were slated to win.

The second year men played a good guarding game but this was offset by the superior team work of the preps.

L. Hoon and Bennett were the mainstays of the Freshmen while Hammond, Pepper and Anderson starred for the Sophomores.

FRESHMEN		SOPHOMORES	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Bennett F.....	3	0	Pepper F ..... 1 0
E. Elliott F.....	0	0	Hess F ..... 0 0
L. Hoon C.....	1	3	Hammond C ..... 0 0
Grey G .....	0	0	Anderson G ..... 0 0
Posegate G ....	0	0	Ross G ..... 0 0
			Inger G ..... 0 0

#### Juniors 16—Seniors 12

In a hard fought game the Juniors defeated the Seniors 16-12. Although they had many chances, the Seniors were unable to get the ball through the basket and the Juniors, with a little more accuracy in tossing ringers, carried off the honors.

Sauvain and McCarty starred for the Juniors.

JUNIORS		SENIORS	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Sauvain F .....	4	0	Maybie F ..... 0 0
Dunlap F .....	0	0	Lerdall F ..... 3 4
Innes C .....	1	0	Elliott C ..... 0 0
Musson G .....	1	0	Crosby G ..... 0 0
McCarty G .....	1	2	Lewis G ..... 1 0
Kerns G .....	0	0	

#### Juniors 15—Sophomores 8

The Juniors contained their winning streak by walloping the Sophs. 15-8. The Sophs. showed their metal in the second half and held the Juniors to a 4-4 tie but were unable to overcome the seven point lead which the Juniors gained during the initial half.

McCarty led the Juniors in scoring while Hammond made the majority of points for the Sophomores.

JUNIORS		SOPHOMORES	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Watkins F .....	2	0	Pepper F ..... 0 0
Sauvain F .....	2	0	Holdridge F .... 0 0
Innes C .....	2	0	Hammond C .... 2 4
McCarty G .....	3	3	Hess G ..... 0 0
Dunlap G .....	0	0	Ross G ..... 0 0

## Seniors 16—Freshmen 12

Again the Freshmen showed their spunk and also that they were to be reckoned with when it came to hatching baskets for they led the Seniors a merry chase and not until the final whistle blew was the game cinched.

L. Hoon was the shining star of the Freshmen and Maybie and Dvoracek of the Seniors.

SENIORS		FRESHMEN	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Dvoracek F	2	Bennett F	2
Waitley F	0	E. Elliott F	1
Lerdall F	3	Mattox F	0
Maybie C	2	L. Hooe C	3
Crosby G	0	Posegate G	0
Lewis G	0	Grey G	0
Schul G	0		

## Seniors 23—Sophomores 12

The Seniors had little difficulty in winning from the Sophomores. This was the slowest game of the series, neither team showing much aggressiveness or interest in the game.

Anderson and Hammond starred for the Sophs. while Waitley and Dvoracek led in the scoring for the Seniors.

SENIORS		SOPHOMORES	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Waitley F	5	Hess F	0
Lerdall F	0	Holdridge F	0
Maybie C	0	Ricketts F	1
Crosby G	0	Hammond C	3
Dvoracek G	5	Anderson G	2
		Ross G	0

## Juniors 34—Freshmen 12

4

The Juniors easily triumphed over the Freshmen by a rather one-sided score. The Freshmen played a good offensive game but lacked the ability to shoot baskets. This completed the first series of the first team games.

Innes, McCarty, Sage and Sauvain were the chief point winners for the Juniors, while Bennett and Grey were responsible for the Freshmen points.

JUNIORS		FRESHMEN	
Field G.	Free T.	Field G.	Free T.
Sage F	3	Bennett F	2
Sauvain F	4	E. Elliott F	0
Innes C	4	Grey C	3
McCarty G	6	Posegate G	0
Dunlap G	0	Scoville G	0



Owing to the fact that "The Spirit" slept till December and that consequently no exchanges could be sent out, our list on hand is very small. It is to be hoped that this will not keep other schools from helping build up a large list this year.

The magazines received have been put in the Library and can be drawn from there before school in the morning and at noon or after school on special arrangement. There are some very good numbers on hand at present from Boone, Oskaloosa, Newton, Marshalltown, West Waterloo, and North Des Moines, and everyone will enjoy reading them. Read them, then compare them with "The Spirit" and then get to work and BOOST to make our paper the best.

If anybody comes around asking to borrow your paper, just show them the following editorial taken from the "Newtonia" of Newton High School:

## THE KNOCKER

When the Creator had made all the good things, there was still some unpleasant work to do, so He made the beasts and the reptiles and the poisonous insects, and when He had finished He had left a lot of awful stuff that was too bad to put into the Rattle Snake and the Toad and the Scorpion and the Lizard, so He put it all together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with a yellow streak, and called it a KNOCKER.

This product was so fearful to contemplate that He had to make something to counteract it, so He took a sunbeam and put in it the heart of a child, the brain of a man, wrapped it in civic pride, covered it with a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, and called it a BOOSTER; made him a lover of fields and flowers and manly sports, a believer in equality and jus-

tiee, and ever since these two were, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing between them.—Selected.

Note: The knocker is to be found in certain communities, even today. You may recognize him by his unmistakable characteristics. For instance: the knocker doesn't subscribe for the school paper; he doesn't support it. He borrows his neighbor's copy to read, and then says: "Rotten! The editor is a boob and the reporters are feeble minded". He doesn't come out for the football games; and when the home team loses he says, "I told you so! they're nothing but a bunch of dubs". When the home team wins he says, "Huh! they couldn't have done it if the other team had half played".

Maybe that is pretty strong, Mr. Non-Subscriber-Borrower, but this is what some people think of you. So why not join the BOOSTERS and be with them A LOYAL SUBSCRIBER rather than be A HATED KNOCKER?

We are working for a large exchange department this year, and we have sent "The Spirit" to all the large high schools in Iowa and to some of the "hustlers" in other places.

Look over the following list and see if you can tell us of any more high schools that we should include:

Algona	Oskaloosa
Boone	Ottumwa
Burlington	Perry
Clinton	Sioux City
Creston	Waterloo W
Des Moines W	Waterloo E
Des Moines E	Clarinda
Des Moines N	Blue and White, Perry
Grinnell	Spectator, West Waterloo
Iowa City	Pebbles, Marshalltown
Marshalltown	Bumble Bee, Boone
Mason City	The Oracle, North Des Moines
Newton	The Tatler, West Des Moines

## A L U M N I

From time to time, the Alumni Department will try to communicate with some of our old graduates so that we may by means of their letters make these Ex Ames Hi students and our present Ames Hi students acquainted.

Any student who corresponds with any of our alumni and who will hand letters or parts of letters to the editor of the department will find his generosity appreciated.

The following letter is part of one received by Douglas Waitley from Glenn Carberry, a graduate of Ames High School in the class of 1915, who is now a student at West Point:

Dear Douglas:

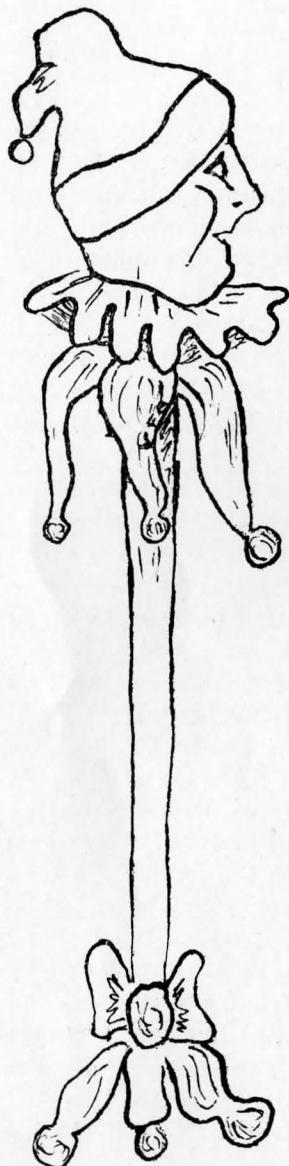
I received your letter this afternoon and altho I have mislaid it already, will try to answer it. I'm sorry but it is against the principles of West Point to publish anything or to let anything be published about this academy. Since I can't or shouldn't write you about West Point, I'll ask you how you and all the girls I used to know are.

Well, now, I will come down to common sense and will tell you a little about myself and my surroundings. West Point is a beautiful place situated on the rock shores of the Hudson. I have the usual daily routine of a soldier: Get up at the wee small hours of the morning, say 5:55 for reveille, go to ranks in pajamas and pumps—that is, if I can cover them up with an overcoat. The next thing on the program is mess (it usually is just that, too), in other words, breakfast. Mess is blown at 6:30 and one has to get away with the food by 7:15. Then about 8:00, we have a class in Math, followed by other classes on and off during the remainder of the day, all of which, as you know I am really quite fond, as I always have been.

All the upper classmen are away on a Christmas leave. I think "Ponce" Meltzer took a little trip to New York this week, at least he said he was going.

I had some time in New York this fall at the Navy game. That city sure is some place to go sight-seeing. People appear all dolled up in regular New York style, you know. I guess I have written enough, so will close.

Your friend, Carr.



## JOKES

### SPIRIT SPASMS

Little boy,  
Pair of skates,  
Hole in the ice,  
Golden Gates.

A. Sprague in American Hist.:  
"Blanche, which way does the Hudson river flow?"

Blanche Bentley: "I don't know, but I think toward its mouth."

Ione Rice, telling of ideal farm life described in poem: "In the afternoon they threshed the corn."

As I was going down the hall,  
I saw some boys—there were three  
in all.

Each had under his arm, which  
he sought to caress,  
A copy of Miss Coskery's "Pilgrim's Progress".

Carolyn Crosby: "Miss Fickel, how can you tell the difference between an noun and a verb?"

Miss Fickel: "I'm sure I don't know. You should have learned that in the third grade."

Harold C. (in American Hist.):  
"It wasn't my fault my notebook was handed in late."

Miss Sprague: "Why not?"  
Harold: "Because, I couldn't hand it in until it was finished."

Miss Coskery, in Senior Eng. class: "How did Satan happen to get into the lake of fire, in hell?"

Chas. Richter: "He went there to get his wife."

"I don't believe in spirits,"  
A boy was heard to say;  
Perhaps if he should read one,  
He wouldn't talk that way.

Miss Coffey in study hall: "Donald, if you wished to keep your seat, you should have refrained from talking to Ruby."  
Donald Soper: "But how can I help talking to her?"  
(Write to Sally Simpers, Donald.)

Miss Clark, illustrating rational problems in Algebra: "Take as an illustration a man. If he was sane, or had all his debts paid up, he would be square with the world, or rational."  
Tom Musson: "Then I suppose I must be insane."

Miss Coskery in Eng. "What pleasures are shown in this poem?"  
Isabel Valentine: "Turning off the lights."

Joe Anderson in Eng. 3: "Doesn't finance mean or have something to do with bossing finances?"  
(Sometimes, but not always, Joe.)

Ralph Ross: "Kathryn, you leave Ione alone. I'll take care of her myself."  
(You're doing it very well, Ralph.)

Mystery: How do Helen Watson and "Dug" Waitley study Algebra?

Isabel V. "Satan had good looking eyes because they were so black and sparkling."

Ruby W. "That doesn't necessarily make them prettey."  
I. V. "It sure does. Look at Helen Watson. Aren't hers pretty?"

Mr. Pollard to Miss Clark in the hall: "Will you go into the Study Hall and pick up three or four boys to carry this organ to Central?"

Miss Clark: "I might pick up one, but that's all I could handle."

Chas. Richter: "Say, do you know that every time they have a special assembly it always hits me right in the study period?"  
(No, we didn't, Charles. We're sorry. Does it hurt?)

### MABEL!

Mabel has some yellow curls,  
Which she wears down her back,  
And in these golden tresses,  
Does Bob's interest never lack.

## ARMY LIFE

There are many phases of army life and all are hard to bear,  
That rolling out at five-twenty-five into the chilly air,  
And being cussed by a corp'r'l for something you didn't do,  
But all of this is paradise compared with army stew!  
In the preparation of this stuff no knowledge is brought into  
play,  
So in it you'll find most anything from beans to mud or hay.  
Though it may be hard to swallow you mustn't ever com-  
plain  
So you turn your eyes to a comrade and try to enjoy his pain.

But it's better than it used to be; it used to be worse than bad,  
And if you'll stop a minute you'll forget that you are sad,  
And think, if the world progresses, as she is wont to do,  
In a million years the weakest man may thrive on army stew!

—T. N.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Simpers:

I am a young lady about eighteen years old, and a Junior in Ames High School. I have brown curls and they have proved to be irresistible to several of the young men here, two in particular. One of them has red hair and one has brown, and I can hardly tell which one I like the better; but I have decided to choose the one who is most sincere. Now how, Miss Simpers, can I tell which one is the sincere one?

Marguerite Kirkham.

My Dear Marguerite:

From what you have said, I should judge that your curls play a very important part in attracting the gentlemen. Therefore, I would suggest that you pin your curls up and see which of your friends remains true. If this does not decide that matter, I should advise you to shave your head and this, I believe without a doubt, will be a sure and final test.

My dear Miss Simpers:

I am a young athlete, about nineteen years old, not particularly handsome, but rather witty at times. I have never had any serious love affairs, because I have always felt that I was too young to allow my mind to wander into such serious channels; but now I feel that I should begin to choose a definite object for my affections. The question is, whom shall I choose? I have been rather fascinated by a young lady named Cornelia but do you suppose, Miss Simpers, that a lady with so artistic a name could be practical? On the other hand, there is a young lady, residing in Marshalltown, who has professed an

interest in me and whom I might consider. Her name is Mary and there appears to be quite a lot to her. Which, Miss Simpers, had I better choose?

Joe Anderson.

My Dear Mr. Anderson:

Indeed, you have a very difficult problem before you and I should suggest that you think it over seriously, before taking the fatal step. However, from what I gathered from your description, I should advise you to let Cornelia be only a passing fancy, for I think Mary would be a much more practical and noticeable companion. If you ever have any more trouble, Joe, do not hesitate to write to me again.

## CHARACTER SKETCHES

Oh! yes, Milton was a blind man  
And that in many ways,  
For he was blind to all the woe  
That would come in later days.

He didn't think of us poor chaps  
Who must read his powerful lines  
And he's made of all the students  
Pitiful old grinds.

He tells of Satan's awful sins  
And his descending into hell,  
And describes him very vividly  
Both before and since he fell.

I think of an old, old proverb  
That, "Experience teaches the best,"  
Then, why doesn't Milton let us learn for ourselves  
And at present let us rest?

But then perhaps he can't blamed  
For now I understand  
He was the greatest hen-pecked man  
In all the British land.

During his happy married life,  
He wrote about "Paradise Lost"  
Then his wife was taken ill and died  
And he was no longer bossed.

So, with a boyish (?) happiness,  
Quite unlike one so well trained,  
His joy rushed on to paper  
As "Paradise Regained".

"Tis said that in his writing  
 When dictation he must give  
 'Twould leak thru every daughters' ears  
 Like water thru a sieve.

Then we're glad that his daughters were silly,  
 Because they were vain, we are glad  
 For if none of his writing had leaked away  
 It would make us twice as sad.

And those daughters will be remembered  
 Long after Milton is dead,  
 Remembered for not writing everything  
 Their brilliant father said.

## TO MISS COSKERY

It is hard to say good bye, dear teacher,  
 Though we know we soon must part.  
 All your kind deeds we'll remember,  
 And file them with love, in each heart.

We'll not forget your hours of labor,  
 Trying harder than others would try,  
 To improve for us our "Spirit",  
 The paper of old Ames High.

You have always been fair in our classes;  
 In grading, you've tried to do right.  
 I'm sure we never could thank you  
 Should we try with all our might.

And, though it is hard, dear teacher,  
 For us students to say good bye,  
 Remember, for you there is always  
 Our love, in the heart of Ames High.

—Martha Lesan.

## CHARACTER SKETCHES

NAME	CHIEF VIRTUE	NOTED FOR	JUST IMAGINE	VOTED TO BE	OUGHT TO BE
Kathryn A.	Being popular	Getting dates	A preacher's wife	Cute	A chorus girl
Ward G.	Trying to be funny	Getting squelched	At a dance	Good looking	A lot of things
Mary Mc.	Being quiet	Talking	Prima donna	The limit	A fog horn
Marie Greer	Shortness	Beauty	Suffragette	A puzzle	Married
Ralph Lewis	No one knows it	Never worrying	A policeman	A good sport	Working
Helen C.	Coqueting	Having a case	Loved by all	An old peach	In society
Vera C.	Early rising	Witty jokes	On the farm	Cute	More dignified
Ione R.	Smiling	Cold hands	Without a lesson	A phenomenon	An angel
Harold C.	Bluffing	Talking nonsense	Being at home	Crazy	Too many things
Joe A.	Joking	Kidding the girls	At church	A nightmare	Posing for a camera
Don S.	Talking to Ruby	Beauty	Auctioneering	Without a date	Less dignified
Gladys I.	Meekness	Fancy dancing	At the show	A young library	In salvation army
Barclay N.	Getting dates	Telephoning	An innkeeper	A sprinter	Attractive
Ruth P.	Bashfulness	Giggling	Worried	Good looking	At home
Ted Jones	Being skinny	Grinning	Boisterous	Nice	Altered
Isabelle V.	Brilliant recitations	Wit	Being on time	A joke	In Cherokee
Inez C.	Brown eyes	Bangs	In an apron	A shark	With mother

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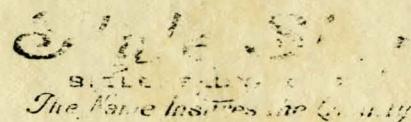
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